

A TRUE and FAITHFUL RELATION

OF THE

Horrid and Barbarous Attempt

To ASSASSINATE the Reverend

MR. Samuel Johnson.

29. Nov. 1692

Published to prevent false Reports.

UPON Sunday Morning, (the 27th of November, 1692.) Seven Persons broke into the House of the Reverend Mr. Samuel Johnson, in Bond-street near Piccadilly; and five of them with a Lanthorn came into the Room where Mr. Johnson with his Wife were in Bed, and their young Son lying in a Bed by them. Mrs. Johnson hearing them open the Door, cried out to her Husband, (who was fast asleep) *My Dear, Thieves, Thieves.* The Villains instantly threw open the Curtains, three of them placing themselves by that side of the Bed where Mr. Johnson lay, with drawn Swords, and Clubs in their Hands; and two at the Bed's Feet with Pistols. Whereupon Mr. Johnson started up in his Bed, and waved his Arms to keep off Blows, but gave them not one word. One of the three who stood by the Bed-side, gave him a great blow on the Head with an Oaken-stick, with a great Knob on the top, (which stick was left behind, and there may be seen) that struck him back to the Bed; and then instantly clap'd on a black Vizard Mask. Upon which Mrs. Johnson cried out, over and over again, with great earnestness, *How can you strike a sick Man?* At which they stood pausing over him: Which she observing, said, *We have no Money, we have no Money.* One of the Miscreants then called to Mr. Johnson, saying, Hold up your Face. At which Mrs. Johnson, jogging her Husband, said, *My Dear, they would Gag you; prethy be gagg'd:* hoping that then they would leave him and rattle the House.

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Some time after, the Rogues still standing over him, Mr. *Johnson* sat upright again, and roared out, not being able to speak. Upon which one of the Rogues said, *Pistol him, kill him; kill him for the Book he wrote*: And then cut him with a Sword over the Eye-brow. And those who stood with Pistols at the Bed's Feet, presented their Pistols towards him: Which Mrs. *Johnson* seeing, cried out, *O Christ, do not do it; How can you use a sick Man thus?*

After this they stood sometime as amazed, demurring over him; and at length one of them said to the rest, Draw him under the Bed; then a little after, another said, Dammée, where's his Breeches? And Mrs. *Johnson* replying, Upon the Feet of the Bed; they not instantly finding them, ask'd again for them; and she replying as before, they found them, and carried them off with them, leaving a piece of Plate standing in their view in the Window, and not ransacking further, nor taking any other thing out of the House, though a Chest of Drawers stood open by them.

When the bloody Villains went out of the Room, Mrs. *Johnson* imagining that they were gone up to the Room over their Heads, where her Daughter with a Maid-Servant were in Bed, cried out to Mr. *Johnson*, My poor Girls, what will become of them? Upon which, he coming to himself, got out of Bed to follow them: but Mrs. *Johnson* begg'd of him not to go, saying, You will be sure to be killed, but can do them no Service; go to the Window, and cry out, Thieves; which he did: And the Watch and others being by that time got to the House, demanded where? And he answer'd them, Here in this House: but they searching, found that instead of going up Stairs, as Mr. *Johnson* and his Wife imagined, they went down Stairs, and made their Escapes.

The two young Women at the first hearing the Noise in the House, got to their Chamber-Window, and cried out, Thieves; upon which two of the Rogues who were left Sentinels at the Street-door, held up two Blunderbusses, saying, If you cry out, we will shoot you: Upon which they pull'd in their Heads, but continued to cry as loud as they could, Thieves, Thieves: which being heard by the Watch, standing at some considerable distance in *Dover-street*, they made towards Mr. *Johnson's* House, but came too late to seize any one of the Assassines.

A Chirurgeon being called, found Mr. *Johnson* greatly bleeding from two Wounds, one a cross Wound, to his Skull, on the right side of his Head, three Inches long, and an Inch and an half cross; and the other a Cut with a Sword on his left Eye-brow. The Chirurgeon also found his Head greatly bruised, and declared that he imagined that there might be more danger in the Bruises than the Cuts; but through God's Blessing there is good hopes of his Recovery.

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